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# PARNASSUS

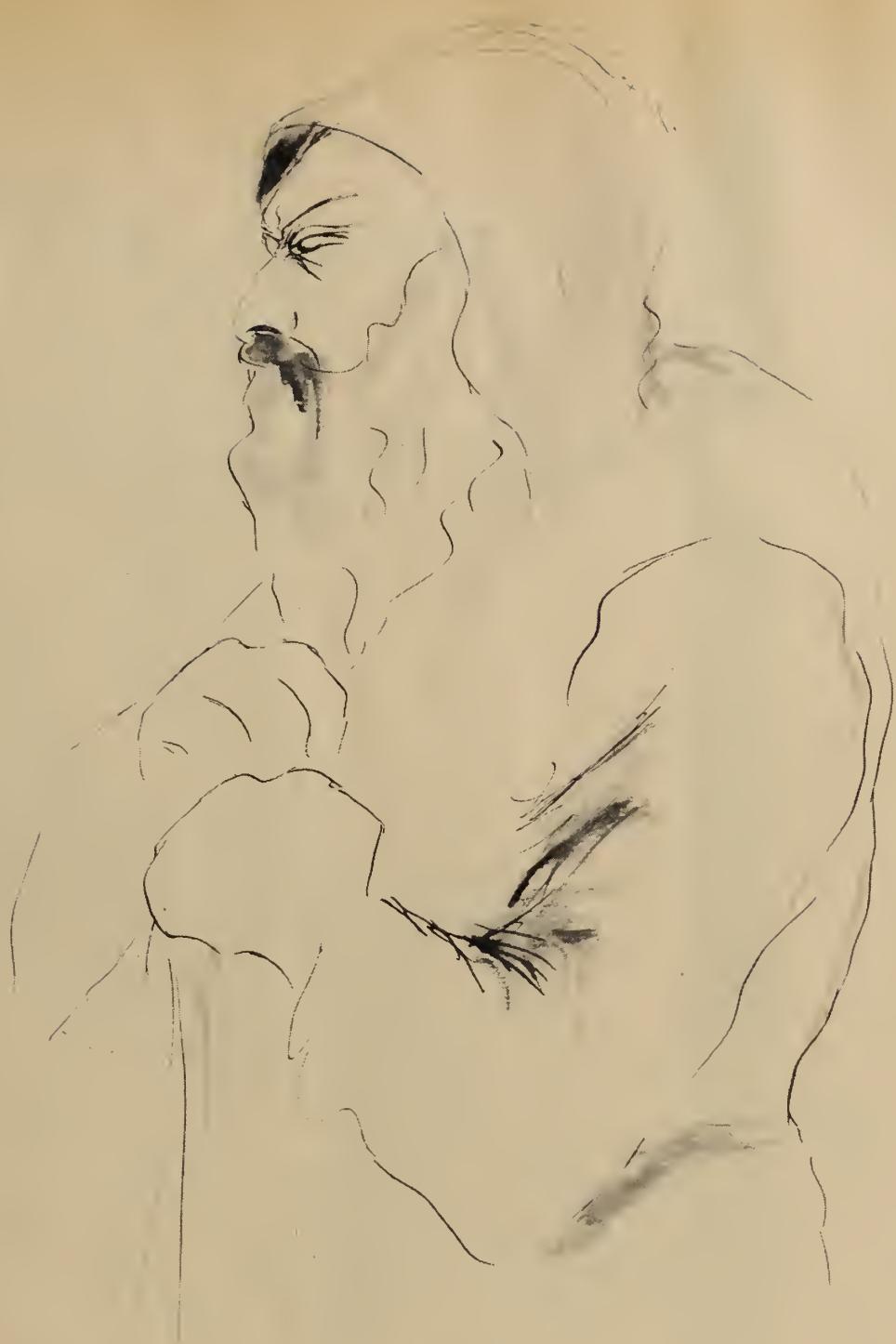


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VOL. V

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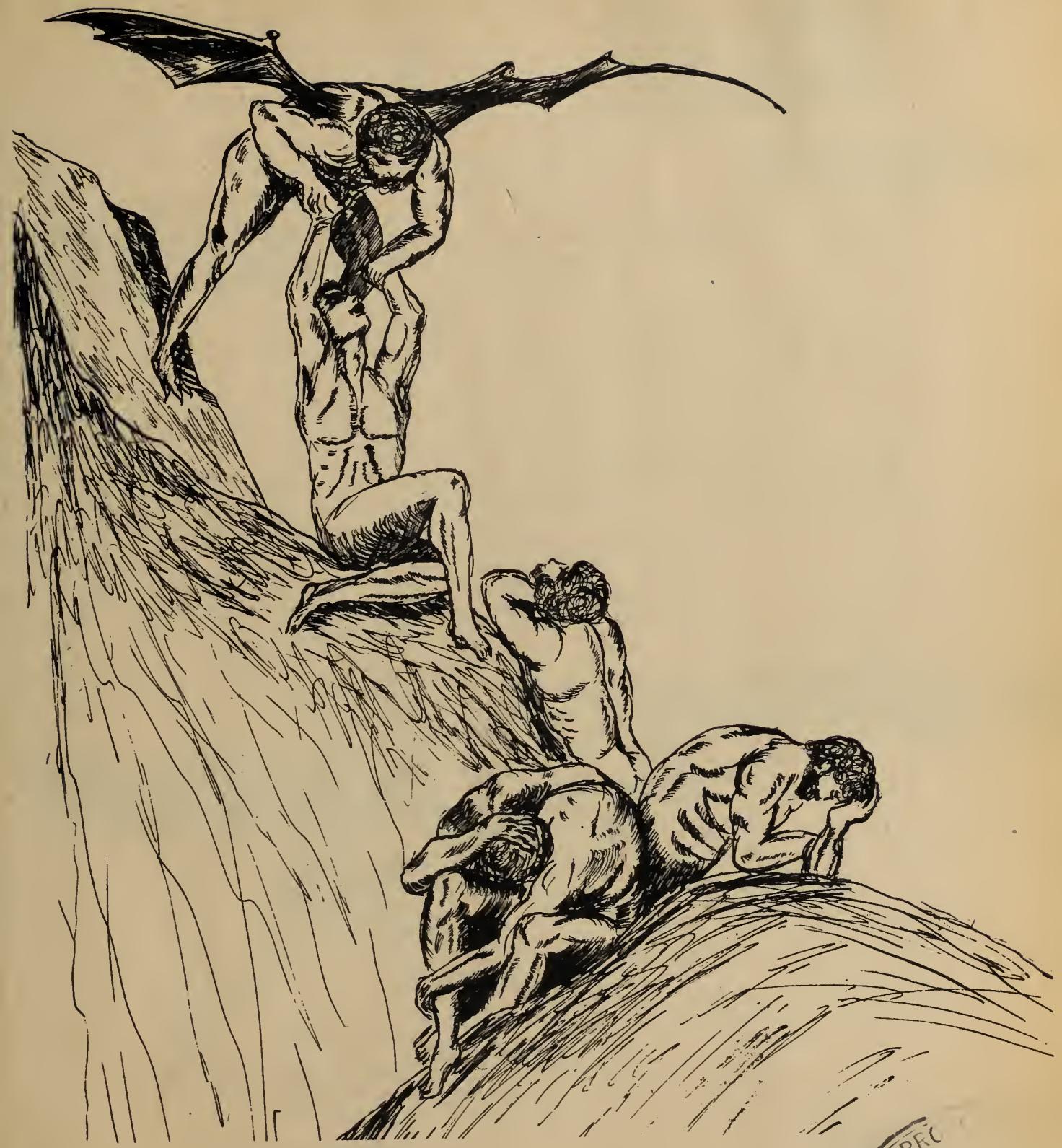
# PARNASSUS

# PARNASSUS

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1970

Editor-in-Chief . . . . .	P. R. Burno
Lay-out Editor . . . . .	Linda Gross
Art Editor . . . . .	David Meehan
Music Editor . . . . .	Ed Parlin
Staff . . . . .	Mary Murphy

We would like to dedicate the final issue of Parnassus  
for this school year to Mr. Gabriel Brahm, our worthy  
advisor.



PRC  
NORTHE  
COMMUNITY

# Observations



Richard McLaughlin

In the sheath of mutual agreement  
the scabard of war is kept

While back to back the arriors of  
In the sheath of mutual agreement  
the scabard of war is kept

While back to back the warriors of  
prejudice face one another with  
knives of distrust

Under the cloak of dependency our  
comrades in arms stand by our side  
armed with deceit and protected  
with the hard shell of contempt

Dual personalities confront the world  
with guns of reassurance  
while introducing to foreign lands  
the poisons of war

All assure themselves that although  
mistakes are made  
they are never wrong

While an honest man's mistakes may  
be considered treason  
It is treason to consider that  
they themselves may make mistakes



# Defeat

The season was verdant, but  
words changed everything.  
Winter reigns paralyzing  
rupturing life and leaving it torpid.  
Life has lost, I have,  
my mind stripped naked,  
lies have aborted my pregnant journey.  
My faith in man wavers and burns feeble doomed  
the fervent love of a soul has grown frigid.  
The season stands, time is buried  
and the grave gravel hardens,  
all life is dying returning to the earth.

# A Moment of War

Shivering, epileptic,  
your hands spasm as you drop your useless weapon.  
You thought you were fighting a war,  
“no, feeding one.”  
He was walking at the front of the column,  
the jungle chant was shattered, and now he's all about you.  
your fatigues stained with crimson drippings.

Your orders, gather your friend together,  
“every bit of flesh and cloth hanging on the trees,”  
quivering on the ground,  
sliding off the fern leaves,  
don't miss a scrap within a twenty foot radius.

A plastic bag, everything that he was,  
to be placed in a plastic bag,  
like the remnants of a good meal,  
being put into a doggie bag,  
and brought home.

Finally, after a short lifetime in hell,  
to be identified for his makers,  
by Western Union.

# A Touch

I touch  
melting deep into the paths of her child-like hands  
and through the twisting tight fibers blanketing her fragile frame.

Seeing what I want to see  
of life and her beside me,  
not casting herself free when my dreams have fallen  
“but eternally gripped in warmth”  
having the strength of need and the weakness to be caressed  
and possessing the softness to support life's bruised senses.

I am crushed and crushing fastened fingers,  
holding my mind in voluntary rainbow fantasy,  
letting tears cling to my face  
and run their rapid lifetime to the ground.

I realize a path,  
I am a home understood.

Paul J. Luise

# SUMMER

*Hot, lazy trees  
sweat a cool shady green  
stones looking up  
from a grass hidden stream  
and I feel at home  
the earth is my bed  
all seems alive  
and all is well said*

*Love's like a cloud  
with a silver lining  
it's warm rain cleanses  
and leaves you shining  
and you bloom in the sun  
that floats thru the trees  
you are living the tale  
of the birds and the bees*

*Summer O summer  
my favorite brother  
your cousins the seasons  
belong to another  
to think you will stay  
forever, Absurd!!  
tomorrow you're lost  
to the wings of a bird*



# The Hunting Story

Strange, he thought, why should a building in the middle of a field make him think of Rhode Island? Perhaps it was just the bus, the highway, and the season. It was that particular time of year, not quite spring, the snow had disappeared but the entire world seemed to have the dying, broken look of winter; even the evergreens were brown. And too, one bus is like any other, seats with split seams, names and obscenities etched in the upholstery. It could have been the Short Line running from Providence to Boston but what did it matter. This time it happened to be the B&W Line, meandering its way along route 9, from Worcester to Boston. Express Coach To Boston. . .Boston via the Mass. Pike. . ., a Flagrant disregard for truth, he thought. What did it matter, as it was he would have to endure two hours of the Park Square Greyhound Terminal, before his next bus left Boston.

At times, it seemed to him that his whole life was spent in busses and bus stations. What was the point of it all, he wondered. It seemed he was forever going some place, never to arrive. Life, he thought, is like sex, at least in that respect. Where in sex you are coming and coming and coming until you come and that is the end of it, in life you are continually in the process of dying until at last you die and that is the end of it . . .An interesting analogy, he smiled. But of course the sex act could be repeated, it was sometimes very pleasant and could at other times have been done without.

## ADVICE TO A STRANGER

*Do whatever you want, My Friend*

*But love whatever you do*

*The value is not in the ends, My Friend*

*But in the means employed by you*

*For love in a word or act, My Friend*

*Will always reflect of you*

*For what is a reflection, My Friend*

*But an image of what we do*

## Stupid Story No. 2



Chicken awoke early one morning just bursting with anticipation. She could feel a lump in her middle and was sure that today she would lay an egg. "Oh joy," she sighed, "Rooster will be so proud." Then sure enough at 10:37 a.m. Chicken gave birth to a gorgeous white egg. Rooster strutted around the barnyard even more haughtily than usual. "Ha, Ha, my wife just laid an egg," he would tell everyone in sight. "We are going to call him Arnold."

And so Arnold's arrival was spread around the world. Everyone waited with baited breath to see Arnold hatch. On Thursday morning at 9:45 Chicken had a peculiar sensation in her nest feathers. She was forced right up into the air. Out from the nest walked Arnold wearing star-spangled spats. "To begin my personal appearances, I would like to say that I'm as joyous as juice to be here. I will try to answer all your questions; just be quiet and wait your turn and everything will work out fine."

Arnold then began to answer questions about barnyard affairs with amazing foresight. He solved the problem of the pig pen by letting the pigs move in

*continued*



with the cows, the problem of hay fever was cured by letting the goats sleep in the coop, and the problem of low population by letting the chickens and roosters have co-ed roosts. Arnold's popularity grew and grew to such monumental proportions that he was able to run for mayor. His opponent, Ronald the Vixen, was from the Great Woods. Arnold wasn't sure how to handle the situation so he asked his sidekick Lyndon Bull for advice. Lyndon told Arnold to campaign as if he was running for the office of God. So Arnold began organizing barnyard stampedes, boycotts of egg production, stoppage of milk flow, and transportation of the old pig pen to the Great Woods.

Arnold's campaign went well. At last election day arrived. The polls were jammed with voters. The next day the results were made known. Ronald the Vixen had won. Alas! No one knew how or even why. Arnold became a sex education teacher and Ronald just ran in circles screaming, "I won, I won!" all day long.

Debbie Schwartz





David Mazzucchelli

## To Linda

You  
don't love someone  
from  
hour to hour,  
day to day  
or  
week to week.  
You love them  
from  
beginning to end.  
The end being  
final.

Greg Blake

## To Ann

My love like potential energy  
is awaiting a force to set it into kinetic energy  
The force is you-come-produce this  
transformation-thus creating motion  
within me.

Harold Sleeper

# The Aftermorning

sun fingers my eyelids,  
catches in my lashes,  
is pooled and slurred into a color river.

the river beams across my eyes  
and vanishes from me  
as ei fold back my eyelashes  
and peel sleep's thin sheet  
from my ears.

the pigeons are nesting above my window,  
and with their quiet rustlings  
the first flash of morning  
pulses across my body.  
The shadow of their flight  
wipes the sun from my room  
until the window is cleared of their wings.

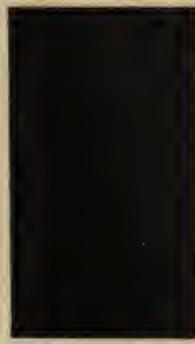
today  
begins to diminish  
as my thoughts wrap around me  
shielding me from reality  
and morning  
pales,  
lapses into a late dream.

You occur.  
You flaunt my remembering;  
ei was not detached enough  
to gather memories.  
Only feelings remain  
that are more alive  
that are more alive  
than remembered.

Jeanne

ei am a distance. Look for me where you will occur.

# The Joke



Fall's Maple

She's  
Quite mature, A Whole  
worn all anew

The wrinkled-crackle  
underfoot

Suddenly in a Pile  
. le Rue.

Then, as usual,  
she wears,  
A  
Pseudo-mustache  
of soot.

Alan 1/4/70

The Orafice

So well,  
you know.

How deep;  
wet-weathered  
mosstone

In the darkened  
orb  
Does  
sleep

Ignoring all  
but  
The  
Form.

Alan 6/12/69

Grey boxes  
wall's written  
gailey black or  
red

Grey boxes  
F ---!  
Is God really  
Dead?

A Piddled Hydrant  
Alan 4/6/69

Why doth thou  
weep  
Noble, once crystalline  
sphere?  
Can it be that your  
Eyes now see  
What your ears  
Once did hear.

Hark and forsooth we  
have no space  
People Far and near

Surely not for  
lack of grace  
Mealey atmosphere.

Earth-Psalm Alan 4/3/70

# A letter to Mrs. Newman...,



A letter to Mrs. Newman . . . ,

"Look at government center's City Hall. Then write a short paper on the building with relation to the architecture."

"Well, I did look at City Hall, and I looked good. Now, as you asked, I will write what I saw in short paper form."

But, I not only looked, I became a part of as I walked through and around;  
up and down

Stanley had become a part of the ivory tower; the ivory tower had  
become his entire world for a short life. And just as his entry was his birth, his departure through  
the crystallizing polluted night air was his death. As the sperm of his mind entered the canal to the  
egg of the tower; as his birth came into existence he found

It was late, and It was dark.

It was huge, and It was abandoned.

But, let us speak now as Stanley first touched the tower with his mind, rather than the inflated realism  
that soon overpowered him.

For Stanley it was colossal with its brick  
and concrete;

with its steel and

masculinity;

with its muscle

bounding pillars and its never ending stairways going only to another step;

with its fort-like

brick walls protecting its inner fort-like brick walls and cubicles devoured within;

and its water falls

and concrete flower pots exhibiting a femininity to it all, but then all men are realified with  
feminity.

The Romans, the Bubbus Khans, the Czars and even armies of our great homeland could never penetrate  
this tower, Stanley knew. But, he also did know, with the ignited

flame of curiosity and passion

the Tower could be penetrated as easily as kissing a flower. But as one kisses a flower, as Stanley saw,  
one finds and feels how

hard it was

and how easy it is.

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*Continued*



And as Stanley pasionized the flowers further, he began to nibble at its great brick petals. But he found that to express such passion towards this Tower of brick and concrete reaching into the Heavens was to reward him only with the bleeding lips of bloodened refusal.

For Stanley to classify this Tower as cruel he could not. He knew that the cactus also bloodens the lips with blackness. But upon further thought, he also knew that the cactus is the beauty of the desert, even though the black scavenger vultures use it as their meeting place.

Yes, for Stanley it was like the cactus that could be  
respected and loved, yet feared and doubted

When morning the tower would regain its existence as reality, the towerous size would diminish and its abandonness would dissolve as it absorbs the bodies of the morning air.

And, Stanley knows, as the morning comes so will its inhabitants. Preoccupation will trudge up the steps of brick to the cubicles of concrete and steel. No-one will see any, except coldness and bits of steel there and here. No-one will hear as Stanley did, except the clickity clack of heels rushing over the floors that cushioned the steps of passion. From one corridor to another, that is the only desire that will be the motivator for this morning and the nexts to follow. With its sound proofed low ceiling lighted fluorescently, no-one again will ecstasize with the Tower of Ivory, but rather think of "the building as a place to work, that's nicccccce."

One often forgets that 'All' is a representative, a symbol, of man, not only a servant."

With my love,  
Stanley



## Intrusion

The flat greyness of the pre-dawn sky breaks at the edge to make way for the sun's rays that are reaching out; cutting the bitter night air like laser beams; touching the placid lake and reproducing their exact images that stretch across the still morning and peer through the reeds. The early November chill has an aroma of cleanliness, that when inhaled deeply, feels like menthol in my lungs. A half mile up between the towering hardwoods, the winding narrow footpath reaches a clearing about a hundred yards in diameter. Standing in the hip high weeds, as I look down on the open sections of water in the swamp, many multi-colored mallards are floating peacefully on the cold liquid glass. Strong north winds whistling through the marsh below and the dry leaves around and above me conduct a natural symphony.

One more step and one dry twig-SNAP. I have disrupted the serenity. Where there was stillness now abounds a whirr of activity. The surface of the water explodes as the quacking ducks shoot up into flight formation. Behind me, this inopportune intrusion has frightened away the fox's intended breakfast as he and the rabbit flee in opposite directions. A big buck, bedded down under a nearby spruce, lunges to his feet and crashes into the brush. I have picked the spot for tomorrow's armed return on the opening day of deer season.



David Maxwell

# The American Patriot

Linda Gross

There is much talk today of patriotism in America and the people who, supposedly, are handing America to the communists on a silver platter. It is difficult to tell whither people are thinking of patriotism in the Revolutionary War sense or in the sense of the present policy of chauvinism stressed by certain groups, mainly the American Legion, The Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Chauvinism is excessive or blind patriotism and is derived from the name of an excessively patriotic soldier of Napoleon, Nicholas Chauvin. This, it appears, is the basic idea of these groups today. It is their belief that patriotism must adhere to one particular set of militaristic ethics. They cannot see that their cold, static brand of patriotism could only lead to eventual LOSS of our standing in the eyes of the world. They are so unyielding in their views that they think that their way is the right way and the only possible way. They leave no room for improvements or discarding outmoded philosophies. A favorite slogan of theirs is "America - Love it or leave it," referring to anti-war protestors.

If the Founding Fathers had felt this way, we would still be an impoverished English colony. But the early American patriots knew that if they wanted a country with freedom for everyone, this ideal had to be fought for with allegiance to this thought. Before the Revolutionary War there were large demonstrations and incidents, some much more violent than those of today. The most famous of these demonstrations were the Boston Tea Party and the Boston Massacre. Both went a long way to provoke all out war. Samuel Adams (the Abbie Hoffman of his day), Patrick Henry and John Hancock have gone down in history as great patriots. Perhaps someday we will also see the names of Mario Savio, Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale in the history books also, AS PATRIOTS.

Continued on next page

## *Continued*



It is difficult, then, to understand why these quasimilitaristic groups deny young Americans their patriotism. It is not a blind, mindless following of fixed rules and ideas. Instead, it is a NOW, contemporary patriotism, concerned with the troubles now facing America, whereas the so-called patriotic groups believe that any dissension against ANY American political policies is akin to preaching destruction and forceful takeover of America by communist revolutionaries.

What is a patriot, then? The anachronistic chauvinism of the military-oriented groups or the young dissenters demands from a bureaucratic government for the better country that America can be. Patriotism should not remain at the same level century after century, but should become an elastic article that increases or decreases in size according to the need for it. Perhaps a new patriotic American slogan should be "America - Love It and Change It To Make It Better."



# FRIENDS

*Friends*

*We were, but now where do we stand*

*Friends, stand together*

*We did, but now we walk away*

*Friends, try to help*

*We tried, but now we've given up*

*Friends do not give up*

*We tried we did we lost*

*What Now*



David Mazzucchelli  
"8"



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